

MAGAZINE FEATURES

TURK AND TEUTON

Ambassador Morgenthau's Story of Great War Plots

By HENRY MORGENTHAU

(Continued from Previous Issue)

The Germans, however, were about the only people who were enjoying this proceeding. The requisitioning that accompanied the mobilization really amounted to a wholesale looting of the civilian population. The Turks took all the horses, mules, camels, sheep, cows and other beasts that they could lay their hands on. Ever told me that they had gathered in 150,000 animals. They did it most unintelligently, making no provision for the maintenance of the species; thus they would leave only two cows or two mares in many of the villages. This system of requisitioning as I shall describe, had the inevitable result of destroying the nation's agriculture and ultimately the nation's food supply.

(To Be Continued)

HOROSCOPE

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1918

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Astrologers read this as an important day. Jupiter is strongly adverse to the sun in his benefic aspect. Initiative that has for its aim the enlargement of capital or influence is under the most fortunate influence.

There is a sign threatening to certain financial conditions today. Fear, big and little, are supposed to be encouraged by the stars during this configuration.

All who seek positions or appointments should be lucky today, which is supposed to be helpful in the placing of persons in the right environment.

Industry comes under a planetary government making for great expansion. Women in America will have opportunities that will not encroach on those of men.

Persons whose birthdate it is should not speculate or risk money in the coming year.

Children born on this day may be subject to strong peace influences that will result in the greater kindness toward all classes of men and women.

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REAL SACRIFICE FOR COUNTRY IS SHOWN

On the playground of Bruce's school a group of children stood, discussing the approaching end of the war, Thursday

Each child spoke of what it had done, and what it had given toward helping to bring peace.

"I sold my pony to buy a Liberty bond," said one.

"I worked every Saturday in my father's store and adopted a French orphan with the money I earned," said another.

"I had worked for the Red Cross and had washed all their savings in shirt collars or Liberty bonds."

"I had made some sacrifice for my bit," and spoke of it proudly—all except one little girl, who said nothing.

"What had she given?"

"I gave my daddy," she said.

Babies Who Will Have to Be "Introduced" to Their Daddies

No. 8.



FREDDIE LOIS PITCOCK.

Daddy, Santa Claus and Uncle Sam are the men of the hour with this young lad.

She has never seen any of them yet, but she imagines that "daddy" is the nicest. Her mother tells her so and that Santa Claus is coming to see her Christmas, but she wishes that it was Daddy instead. For Santa Claus, so they say, is just a nice old person with a big beard, and a generous disposition.

Freddie Lois Pitcock is the six-month-old daughter of Private Lois Pitcock, now with the 22nd field artillery in France.

Mrs. Pitcock and her little daughter are now with Mrs. J. H. Pitcock, near Courtland, Miss.

Freddie, they don't know," she said. "Poor daddy! He's been away a few years ago they were like your little sister."

"What gets me, mother," he went on, "is that if they want men to get themselves up so queerly?"

Her hand was on his shoulder now, a soft, sweet weight that he felt deep to his heart.

"Freddie, they don't know," she said. "Poor daddy! He's been away a few years ago they were like your little sister."

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WHO'S TO BLAME?

By ETHEL LOYD PATTERSON.

It's puzzling to find that A Fact is sometimes merely a closed door, behind which are the vast vistas of—The Truth.

CHAPTER NO. 2 THE NEW DOOR.

Next morning—it was Sunday—he was quiet at breakfast. Usually he ate a lot and was noisy. His mother always said he "splashed like a bird in his tub." His father looked at him speculatively over the coffee and toast several times. Finally,

"Who's any good last night, son?" he asked. "I think you said you were going to the Winter Garden with the Arden boys, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Fred.

"Yes, what?" his father came back at him. "Yes, Arden boys," yes, Winter Garden, or was good show?"

"All three," replied his son.

"His mother under an eyebrow from behind the urn at his father. That stopped the line of inquiry. In which she showed her admirable sense. For later."

"Mother," he said, when they were alone together in the living room, "I went to the stage door last night with Dickie Arden. He knew a girl."

Apparently she thought it not too important. How clever she was! She tore her gaze from the window as though abstracted.

"The trees on Riverside drive are so lovely in the spring," she said. "What, Fred? You say you went to the stage door?"

"He came and sat on a cushion at her feet."

"Like it, mother," he said. "I didn't like it."

"Why not?" she asked. "I should have thought it would be amusing."

His lips seemed just a little dry. But his great, gray eyes were raised to her—straight.

"He tried to explain, funny-ly. 'All that paint and—' and their skirts. And, mother, their voices are—'"

"Yes, dear," she said. "Isn't it a pity?"

But he had his own line of thought to follow. So:

"What I mean is," he went on, "why are they like that when they don't have to be?"

He would have described himself as more or less "a man of the world." He was sophisticated, of course. Still, he didn't quite know how to word what he wanted to say to his mother, nicely, but it as it should be put to her—a dear, clean woman.

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